

657
FAREWELL to the *World*,
and its *Vanities*.

A PIOUS
MEDITATION

Composed in the last Century, by

Mr. *JOHN WHITSON*,

Alderman of BRISTOL.

And now first Publish'd from a Manuscript
Copy in Mr. *Haynes's* Collections.

The Righteous shall be had in Everlasting Remem-
brance. Psal. cxii. 6.



L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM COSSLEY, Bookseller

in Bristol. MDCCXXIX.

THE NEWELL TO THE NEWELL
AND THE NEWELL

APPROUS
MEDITATION

Composed in the 18th Century

THE NEWELL TO THE NEWELL



And now the British Museum
has a new collection

THE NEWELL TO THE NEWELL
AND THE NEWELL

LONDON:
Printed by William Gosselin, Bookseller,
in Strand

TO THE
 RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
JOHN PRICE, Esq;
 MAYOR;

Together with the Worshipful the
 ALDERMEN and COMMON-COUNCIL
 of the Corporation of BRISTOL.

THE Motives that induced me to
 publish this small Treatise will, I
 presume, be a sufficient Apology for
 addressing it to your Venerable Body.

RICHARD HAYNES, Esq; had
 made a large Collection towards the Hi-
 story of this City; a Work much desired
 by all that were acquainted with that
 Gentleman's Integrity and great Abilities.
 But it pleased God to call him to receive
 the Reward of his exemplary Piety and
 Virtue, before he had reduced it into

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Form. And being willing that this Monument of his Love and Affection to his native Place should be still carried on, he consign'd the digesting and Publication of his Papers, by his last Will and Testament, to his worthy Friend Mr. James Baskerville, and myself. In pursuance of which, we have perused what he had done, and find 'em to be a large Store of loose, yet valuable Materials, gather'd together with great Labour and Expence; but such as (for want of his Model or general Design) will require much Time and Assistance, and the Hand of a skilful Architect, to assign every Part its proper Situation, and to set the whole in that advantageous Light it had certainly appear'd in, if God had granted him Life and Health to have accomplish'd his Great Design.

AS to the Part allotted me, I am too sensible of the Niceness and Difficulty of the Task, to think myself equal to it; and would not be thought over-forward in undertaking to finish upon the Plan of so great a Master, especially under the present Disadvantage of living at such a Distance

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Distance from the Scene of Action, which must render all Recourse to Monuments and Records in your Archives [the proper Vouchers of History] troublesome and expensive. But, if the Providence of God shall hereafter grant me Leisure, and a more favourable Opportunity of answering the last Request of my much honoured Friend, I shall esteem it a very accountable Application of my Time, as far as it may consist with the necessary Offices of my Function, to contribute my best Endeavours, towards compleating a Work, that (if the Weakness of my Performance obstruct not) is like to reflect so much Honour and Reputation to this Great City.

YOU, that by your Office and high Station, are already acquainted with its Constitution, and have look'd back into the Precedents of former Times, will easily enter into the Detail, and observe that very excellent Things will be spoken of the Second City in England.

IN the Annals of your Predecessors, you will, with Pleasure, recognize a Magistracy always renowned for inviolable

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lable Loyalty, for wise Conduct in Government, for Courage temper'd with Discretion in the Administration of Justice, for a provident Care to supply the Necessities of the Poor in Times of Scarcity and Distress; and especially for a magnificent OEconomy in entertaining Princes, graciously accepted, and rewarded by Royal Grants of more extended Liberties.

IN the Display of Trade, you will observe a Populace equally industrious and indefatigable, in the Advancement of Navigation and Commerce; in the Discovery of remote and unknown Countries; and in the Improvement of useful Manufactures at Home, whereby Families have been rais'd, and publick Benefactions have been founded and promoted, to the exceeding great and general Benefit of the Nation, as well as the particular Profit and Advantage of this Place.

HENCE your Historian will find ample Matter to enlarge upon, in describing (what you daily see and experience) the Miseries and Calamities of Life relieved, and the Wretched made happy in their

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

their outward Condition by the Piety and Humanity of generous Benefactors: The Largeness of whose Charity since the Reformation, is enough to silence the Calumnies as well as vain Boastings of our Popish Adversaries, and convict them that their Pietas Romana & Parisiensis is outdone in a Protestant City.

AND this will likewise furnish him with another Article, (viz.) to shew the plentiful Provision made for Spirituals, by numberless Gift-Sermons, and other pious Donations, to augment the Maintenance of a learned and laborious Clergy; whereby well-disposed Persons enjoy not only daily, but almost hourly Opportunities of Devotion.

I N the particular Survey of the several Parishes, he will hence take Occasion to observe the laudable Zeal of the Inhabitants, as well in subscribing and exhibiting to their Ministers and their Assistants, as in sparing no Cost to render the Houses of God convenient, decent, and beautiful, beyond any thing of the Kind in the whole Kingdom.

THESE,

viii DEDICATION.

THESE, as I perceive, were some of the principal Points Mr. Haynes had in view; but to digest and display them according to their Merit, is the Work of Time and Deliberation.

IN the mean while, I beg Leave to tender the ensuing short Treatise, containing the moral Observations, and pious Reflections of an eminent Benefactor to the City. Mr. Haynes had taken a Copy of it, in order, as I presume, to publish it in his great Work. It seems it was never yet communicated to the World, otherwise than by a few erroneus Transcripts, which reaches not the Intention of the Author; for it is observable, from the first Paragraph, that he design'd it, like his other Legacies and Benefactions, to extend to as many as possible; which is only to be done by this Method of dispersing it from the Press.

*BT what unhappy Fate it has lain so long neglected and concealed in an useless Obscurity, I shall not now enquire. I am persuaded, and I hope you will concur with me in this, that 'tis not yet too late nor unseasonable to publish a Piece of
such*

DEDICATION. ix

such excellent Morality, which by falling into many Persons Hands, may happily gain the Attention of some, and imprint a right Judgment and Estimate of Things on their Minds, and so contribute to the reclaiming a loose and profligate Generation, to whom he being dead yet speaketh the Eternal Truths of Revelation, confirm'd by his long Observation of Men and Things. And,

AS it was the Composition of a Lay-Man, it may perhaps meet with a better Reception, amongst such a-la-mode Gentlemen as are unreasonably prejudiced against the Exhortations of the Clergy; as if they proceeded from Partiality to their Cause, more than an honest Regard to Truth.

THE Treatise seems to be a detach'd Piece, and (as I conceive) is not so aptly reducible to any Part of the History, as to claim a Place in it; for which Reason I am advised to present it to the World separately, rather than to reserve it for the Appendix, amongst Things of a different Nature.

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x DEDICATION.

I forbear to say any thing, at present, concerning the Character of the Person who compiled it; because he will hereafter require an honourable Mention in your Annals, both as he was a worthy Member of this Corporation, in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, and also upon the Account of his great and well-directed Charities committed to your wise Disposition: In both which Capacities this Legacy of his seems to plead a Right to your Protection; to which it is, with all Submission and due Reference, offer'd by

Your obedient Servant,

Wells, Feb.
1728.

THO. FORD.

FARE-



FAREWELL to the *World*,
and its *Vanities*.



SINCE it has pleased Almighty God, of his great Mercy and Goodness, to afford me a long Time of Pilgrimage: And whereas my Soul is long since satisfy'd with the tedious Vanities of this Life; I begin to feel a Willingness to depart, and leave this uncouth Wilderness, that I may arrive at that happy *Canaan*, where only I hope to find Rest. But e're I depart to my Long Home, I have a great Desire to leave some Monument of my good Will to After-comers; that what my long Experience has taught me with some Grief, may turn to the Profit of those whose young Years have not as yet afforded them such Plenty of Observations. And since it is the

World's Use for Men to bequeath to their Posterity the Goods of Fortune, and not to bury them with them, why should Men suffer that which is more precious to die in them? and not labour to preserve to the World's Use some Part of the Knowledge and Experience wherewith Time has enrich'd them?

*ut lo confon
tempore
cedit uti
viva fatur*

THO' the Portion of my Understanding cannot be much useful to others; yet I have endeavour'd to represent, in this little Treatise, the Miseries and Inconveniencies of this Life, together with the Reasons that make me so willing to leave it; and, like a Guest that has his Desire satisfy'd, be content to give Thanks and depart; that by viewing this Treatise again and again, I may learn every Day more and more to hate the World, and prepare myself for my Change, which I expect of God's Mercy every Hour.

THE principal Reason that makes me so much desire to leave this World is, that I have seen enough, if not too much, of it: Like the Traveller, that having seen the City throughly, and is well acquainted with the Manners thereof, desires (after he has finish'd his Observations) not to loiter there any longer. And why should I linger there, where there is no new Thing for me to see? Since all Things in the World are long since familiar to my Eyes, and I am weary every Day to see the same Things again?

again? *That which is done, is that which shall be done; and that which hath been, shall be; and there is no new Thing under the Sun.* As in the Compass of one Day and one Night we see all the Course of Time, and whatsoever followeth is but the same that goeth before; so in the Circuit of a few Days, a Man, if he be not idle, may read all Histories, in observing the Rise and Fall of the Ambitious, the Pride and Atheism of Great Ones, the Incurfions and Revolutions of States by the Change of Princes. Whatsoever Occurrences seem strange, they are but the same Fable acted by other Persons, and nothing different from those of elder Time, but in the Names of the Actors. Who would wonder at the present Contentions of Brethren, that has heard of *Cain* and *Abel*? of *Esau* and *Jacob*? of *Solomon* and *Adonijah*? of *Bassianus* and *Saturninus*, Roman Emperors? Or at the Fall of Great Ones, who has heard of the Fate of *Acbitophel*, *Haman*, and *Sejanus*? Certainly the Volume of one Life would afford as much Variety of Examples, as the long Volumes of Antiquity, if we would be diligent to mark 'em: So that, to my seeming, they may be compar'd to nothing fitter than to a Wheel ever turning in the same Fashion. How can I choose but be weary of viewing a tedious Repetition of Vanity, which in many Years at length becomes a Torment? as was well figured by the
Poets

Poets in the Ball of *Sisyphus*, whose greatest Misery was the renewing of his Labours. The Iteration of Things, never so sweet and delightful to us, will prove at length a continued Succession of Wretchedness and Vanity; nay, Trouble and Vexation of Spirit. Where the unsettled Mind is never at Rest, but tossed from one Desire to another, it finds Content in none. As a sick Man, whose Fever makes him weary of all Things, desires to change his Bed, and shift his Side, persuading himself of more Rest by that means; yet, having his Mind, is more froward than before, and still would be changing: So miserable Man, growing weary of one Vanity, longs for another; and having gotten his Desire is no less discontent, but still craves and wishes, till oft-times he wishes his own Destruction, and presses on, like *Phaethon*, in the Fruition of his own Folly. Too often has it grieved me to behold Men following their own Destruction and Perdition; yea, enraged with them that would with-say or interpose Counsel or Authority upon 'em, till they have embraced their own Confusion by their Wishes. Yea, so miserable are some, that willingly and wittingly they run upon their own Destruction; like *Pliny* the Elder, who, knowing the Danger of Mount *Vesuvio*, would adventure so nigh the Smoke, that he was swallow'd up of it.

THESE rueful Sights, so frequent in my Observation, have offended me, and now at length made me quite weary; so that I desire nothing more than the Hour of my Freedom out of this Prison of Mortality, and Dismission from a Theatre of Wretchedness. But before I go and depart from hence, the *Farewell* I pronounce to the whole World, and all the Vanities thereof, will ease my Heart of its Burden, and confirm my Soul in the conceived Hatred of this Bondage, and a Willingness to be dissolv'd.

ATTEND therefore, ye Lovers of this World! and ye, whose Eyes ~~and~~ Experience has not opened, as yet, to the dying Speech of an aged and worn-out Man, willing to impart the Benefit of his long Observation, before he finish it with his Life!

I. FAREWELL, in the first place, to *Riches, Wealth, and large Endowments*; Idols of earthly Minds, and groveling Affections. Nothing shall grieve me to depart from you, the unnecessary Burthen of Life, and the Clog of all spiritual Desires. How grievously have I seen the Souls of Men afflicted in the Prosecution of you? and yet more miserable in the Enjoyment, than the greatest Beggar in the Want of you! They have not fared nor slept the better, nor enjoy'd any Portion of Content or Quiet, nor taken any Delight in the Glory and Respect attending their Riches; but the more they have
raked

raked up, the more unquiet and distasteful has been their Life. So justly is Avarice plagued in itself, that I know not whether be greater; the Sin or the Punishment: For as it is far more miserable to be drown'd in Sight of Shore, and starve in the greatest Plenty of Victuals, than simply to perish either way; so much more wretched is he that wants what he has, and is a Beggar in his greatest Abundance, than he that begs from Door to Door. This Evil is like the Dropsy, that Plague of *Tantalus*, and is so far from bringing other Pleasures with it, like other Vices, that it can bear no better Comparison than to that languishing Disease, and hellish Torture. Yea, more miserable should I deem it than either of these, by how much the easier it is to be remedied, as it is voluntarily embraced: For the Dropsy cleaves necessarily to the Person so afflicted, and *Tantalus's* Punishment is a fatal Doom upon him, not to be avoided or removed, and therefore deserves Pity: But the covetous Madman wilfully afflicts himself; and tho' he may be cured by his own Reason, yet he chooses rather to suffer his Affliction: Like a Fool sitting too near the Fire, that might be presently relieved by removing his Seat, he had rather turn his Side, and shift his Shins, and be scorched till he roar, than budge one Foot from his Place! or like a wretched Merchant, that in a long Voyage homeward,

having

having spent all his Victuals, will rather starve than open one Basket in his Extremity, tho' he be Owner of the Goods! God keep me from such Dotage; I had rather want Riches, than know, how to use them; and be poor indeed, than feel all the Smarts of Poverty, and yet be Rich. Yea, I have learned to esteem the Abundance of Riches, to be but a more burthensome kind of Life, where they are possess'd; for they rob a Man of his Quiet, and take away his Time, either in the Account of 'em, or in the Disposing of 'em. For what Care is there to be had of Rents? What Caution and Wariness to be had of bad Debtors? What Fear of Losses and Casualties? What Distrust and Suspicion of our best Friends? What Vigilance and Diligence, that we be not over-charged in our Bargains? What Grief, if we be overthrown in our Suits, and vex'd with Fines and Amercements? To be brief, what Toil and Weariness throughout our whole Lives? Either we are troubled with getting, or cumber'd with keeping, or afflicted and heart-broken with losing, and never at Rest, paying or receiving.

FAREWELL again and again to these Thorns. I thank my God for the Provision he has lent me; that it was competent and not superlative; not so large, as to disquiet my Peace; nor so sparingly small, as to afflict my Life with Want

or Fear of Creditors. Of what it has pleased Almighty God of his great Mercy and Goodness to allow me over and above my own Necessities, I have been no unfaithful Steward of *Christ*, nor uncharitable to the Wants of my poor Brethren. I speak from the Confidence of a sincere Heart, and not fantastically, being no ways conscious to myself of any Injustice, or of Negligence in the Employment of my Talent. I stand ready to give up my Account, when it shall please God to call me; desiring to be discharged of my Trouble, and to be at Rest with him.

II. FAREWELL, in the next place, to *Honours* and *Preferment*, the glorious Bubble of human Vanity, the Bladder of Pride, and Self-Advancement. How many excellent Spirits has the weak Admiration of these Toys and Trifles betwitched and seduced? How many noble and virtuous Dispositions has it diverted from the Path of true Praise, into the Way of proud Ambition? 'Tis a Moth that breeds in the finest Cloth, a Worm incident to the best Complexion: And did it but deprive and not destroy, it were more tolerable; or if it would be content with Part of our Hearts, and not engross the whole, it were less culpable, since Aspiring is natural. But there being no Mean in it, it sets the whole Man on Fire, and carries him headlong with a Torrent of Passion thro' Vio-

Violence and Sacrilege, thro' Rivers of Blood, innocent or guilty, it makes no Matter, so it may reach to the Top of its Desire. It blinds the Eye of Reason, and will not suffer us to distinguish Friend or Foe, Father or Mother, Wife or Sister; but if they stand in the Way, Ambition will drive over them. It deprives our Life of Rest, and suffers no Stay in any Fortune; but (like the Way of a Wheel) is ever in whirling Motion, up or down. Content has no greater Enemy, nor Sleep a more profess'd Adversary. The Triumph of *Miltiades* would not suffer *Themistocles* to close his Eyes, as *Plutarch* relates; neither will the waking Dream of Glory cease to the Ambitious, till they sleep their last. Most miserable then is the Condition of those whom this restless Disease has taken in their Pilgrimage thro' the World. Tho' the bleer-ey'd Multitude may judge them most happy, no Man shall persuade me, that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* were not most wretched in their laborious Pursuit of this Shadow: For how were they cast from one Part of the World to another? How tedious were their Journeys to find out their own Punishment! their dear-bought Victories! their glorious Titles? If you but mark their wearisome Trouble and Anxiety, their continual Fears and Dangers, the Guilt of so much innocent Blood shed by them, their miserable Fever of

Ambition, the pitiful Manner of their Deaths (being prick'd like Bladders in the height of their Tumour) you will easily be of my Opinion, and think nothing less happy than this seeming Happiness. I thank God, I was born in a lower Sphere, liv'd in a meaner Preferment, and of an inferior Degree. No other Honour remains for me to aspire to, than the Honour of the Saints in Heaven: This I daily labour for; and tho' I must be patient to abide Almighty God's Hour, yet my Soul longs earnestly to be carried ~~with~~ this Celestial Honour.

III. FAREWELL *Pleasures* and carnal Delights, Snares to be avoided in our earthly Pilgrimage; the Quick-sands, whereon so many young Men have suffer'd Shipwreck. Tho' God's Providence has hitherto kept me from your Dangers; yet, whilst I am on my Journey, I cannot be altogether so safe in the Privilege of my Years, as to think myself exempted from the Power of your Chains, because they have not had a Predominance over me. For a Soldier may be foil'd at the End of a Battle, and a Player disgraced in the last Scene. Till the End of my Life be shut up, and the Victory finished, I cannot but fear my Enemies, and stand close to my Banner. How many have my woful Experience been witness of, who have forsaken their Colours in the very Close of the Day, and
(after

(after a manful and victorious Fight in the Heat, and Strength of Temptation) have fail'd, and given over in the Cool of the Evening, and lost the Crown of their Labour. 'Tis at the End of our Race (as *Salanto* said well) that we should encrease our Speed, and exert ourselves more at that Time, by how much the more eager our Adversary waxes, seeing the Goal is never won.

'Tis a melancholy Reflection, that we can look Dangers boldly in the Face, and endure the stoutest Shock of Adversity, still keeping our Ground; and yet are so weak against the childish Enticements of Pleasure and Wantonness, as to give up our Weapons without striking a Stroke! How ridiculous, how cowardly a Carriage is this, that yields to the weak Enemy, and resists the stronger? that can endure the greater Labour, and faints at the less? How should I wonder to see a Soldier returning from the Victory of the Enemy, to be beaten by a Child? to see an armed Man run away from a naked Cripple? *Samson*, who was so strengthened by the Spirit of God, that he tore a Lion like a Kid, and slew a Thousand Men with a Jawbone of an Ass, was not able to resist the weak Temptation of *Dalilah's* Eye; but yielded himself over, at her Entreaty, into the Hands of his Enemies! And *David*, who slew the Lion and the Bear, and overthrew the great *Goliath* with

the

the same Defence, could not withstand one Look of *Bathsheba*, but gave up his Chastity at the first Onsent, and his Innocence without any Resistance! So pernicious is the Nature of this Evil, that it denies our Reason its Sovereignty, and deludes our Intellect, by casting such a Mist before its Eyes, that we take one thing for another, and Satan for an Angel of Light. This does plainly appear by the Sorrows that follow upon it, which argue that we are seduced, and betray'd against our Wills to give up the Freedom of our Souls for a Moment of Pleasure. Our Eyes being open'd, we see our own Nakedness, and rue the Folly of our Judgments that parted with our Integrity in Favour of our corrupt Appetite. No Vice is more dearly bought, none harder to be avoided.

BUT grant, Lord, that I may avoid the Pill of Enticement by a speedy Departure from the Enticer; and let my Soul, good God, fly from the Allurements of the Harlots, leaving my Garment rather than my Body in their Power. And keeping my Soul unspotted, I trust that I shall ascend to that Mansion of true and eternal Delights, where He sits, in whose Presence there is Fullness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore. O good God, hasten my Journey thither, and teach me, in the Meditation of those Joys, to despise these earthly Follies.

IV. FAREWELL *Knowledge* and *earthly Wisdom*; the Dream of Self-conceit; the Smoke of Vain-glory; the Blast of Vanity, which has puffed up many till they swell beyond their just Dimensions, and burst asunder. The unprofitable Desire of These bereaved our first Parents of Paradise, and deprives a Number of their Posterity of their only Happiness left, (*viz.*) Content and Tranquillity: For when the insatiable Thirst of Science enters, the Soul is lost. What perpetual Disquiet is it, to long for higher and stranger Novelties, and never rest till we be confounded in the Multitude of our own Inventions? We rest not till we have the Causes; nor in the Causes, till we have the Principles; nor in the Principles, till we have entangled ourselves in the Cobwebs of our own Reason. From sensual Objects, we advance to Things intellectual; from Things intellectual, we pass to Things supernatural; till the Speculation becomes too difficult for us, and spoils the Sight of our Eyes by too much Brightness. We are not satisfy'd with the Toilsomeness of *Grammar*, the Subtilty of *Logick*, the Smoothness of *Rhetorick*, the Sweetness of *Musick*, the Exactness of *Geometry*, and the Curiousness of *Astronomy*; but further still we go, till we have tired ourselves with tedious Studies in *Philosophy* and Contemplation of Learning, till we fall into a Dropsy by this Thirst of Science, and
never

never cease drinking, till we have drunk up ourselves. *The Eye is not satisfy'd with seeing, nor the Ear with hearing* (saith the Preacher) much less certainly is the Mind with Understanding. There are many so deluded with a depraved Fancy, as to make Science the End of Science, and out of a fond Opinion heap Question upon Question, never ceasing to make Doubts and Distinctions; to make Knots and undo them, whereby they ensnare themselves, and mar others. Of such Vanity were the Schoolmen guilty; bewitching too many Men in former and later times, to the consuming of their Bodies, and wasting of their Strength, in unprofitable Trifles, deserving Reprehension. What Vanity more unprofitable than this? What Life more unhappy? This Moth consumes the richest Gifts of Nature, and frets the purest Metal of the Soul; envenoming sometimes the whole Frame of it, filling it with Madness and Distraction, and extinguishing the Light of Reason with too much Ventilation. To those that are so unfortunately addicted, let me commend the Words of Solomon, *In much Wisdom is much Grief; and he that encreaseth Knowledge, encreaseth Sorrow*. The more we understand, the more we perceive the Want of Understanding; the further we discover our own Weakness, the more Grief we procure. As *Socrates* was wont to say, by the continual Addition of Knowledge, *he*
came

came to know this one Thing, that he knew nothing. And Democritus, that lived One hundred and twenty Years, and had spent most of them in Study, profess'd at his Death, that he did then *begin to know*; and that it grieved him to leave his Learning when he had but the first Taste of it. The ignorant sort of People enjoy a kind of Happiness above the learned, in that they know not their Unhappiness. The Years of our Childhood and Youth are more pleasant to us, and freer from Incumbrances, than our elder Age; because Persons then discern not what they need; and therefore take no Care to get it; nor are troubled with a Foresight of their Wants before they feel them: But as Time proceeds, and Knowledge encreases; so our Life grows every Day more troublesome. We perceive, by Experience, the Inconstancy of Fortune; the Hardness of the World; and take care to prevent Necessities before they come. We read every Day of new Examples of Miseries; and see new Rocks to beware of, and new Dangers to stand in fear of. Whatever Benefit accompanies our Knowledge, we are sure this Evil attends it, that it fills us fuller of Doubts and Fears, and vexes us with Anxiety of Mind. The Subject's Life is indeed more happy than the Prince's; the Servant's Condition is easier than his Master's;

ter's; the Passengers in a Ship are nearer to Quietness than the Pilot, because they have less to care for; they fear not Dangers, and therefore are not incumber'd with the Thoughts of them. As a Man in Necessity does not in his Sleep feel the Sting of his Sorrow, but when he awakes he awakes to the Sense of his Misery; so all the Sons of *Adam* (Heirs of this Wretchedness) are happier in this Sleep of Ignorance, than in the Light of great Knowledge. Therefore, tho' we hear *Solomon* commending Wisdom, and preferring it before Ignorance, as Light before Darkness; yet we are sure Darkness would better agree with our Infirmities than Light, because they are fitter to be cover'd, than look'd into. We then shall find Knowledge to be a Comfort to us, and Science will be felt, as well as attain'd, after we are loos'd from our Mortal State. For having put off the Rags of our earthly Prison, and being wash'd from our natural Pollution, in the Blood of that Lamb which takes away the Sins of the World, and placed in the glorious Body of the Church Triumphant, in whom is no Spot or Wrinkle: how will it delight us to survive our Vanity as well as Errors, and rejoice in the Presence of God! Then shall we know, as we are known, and see no more the Shadow of Things thro' a Glass, but Face to Face. We shall behold the naked

naked Essence of all Creatures; the Windows of our Eyes shall be opened, the Doors of our Senses broken up, the middle Wall of our Body removed far from us, and our Souls freely using their native Vigour, being no longer obstructed and hinder'd by the bodily Organs. This Knowledge now remains for me, and I am grieved to be with-held from it. I have had enough, and too much, of the sorrowful and unprofitable Knowledge of the Things of this World, tho' never acquainted with the Labyrinth of Study. I have seen the Uncertainty of Fortune in the Reigns of our famous Princes, the Troubles of the State, the Changes of Great Ones, the wonderful Rising of some, and the sudden Fall of others, the Alteration of Time and Manners, the Inconstancy of Opinions and Fashions, the Interchanges of Peace and War, the most exorbitant and devilish Enterprizes undertaken with equal Secrecy and Subtilty, the Ruin of Pride and Hypocrisy, the Confusion of Policy, and the Overthrow of Falshood. I have been a Representative Member in many Parliaments, where I daily learn'd new Lessons of the World's Vanity, and augmented my Grief together with my Experience. More expressly at a late Meeting, when both the Honourable Houses were unexpectedly, unfortunately, and very suddenly dissolv'd; much

Time being spent, and nothing done, to the World's Wonder, and to the exceeding Grief and Discontent of all true-hearted Subjects. And now the distasteful Memory of such Knowledge, and the unpleasing Fruit of so many Years Observation, have wrought in me a settled Dislike of all transitory Wisdom, and an earnest Desire to be exalted to that Knowledge, which has no Sorrow annex'd to it. Bless me with the Fruition of this, O God, when it shall please thee; and comfort me in the mean time with the Meditation of it.

V. FAREWELL at once to *all the outward Blessings of Nature, Strength, Health, and long Life*: I go where I shall have no need of you, even to a Perfection of Blessedness, where all Complaints are wanting. The small Comfort you afford in this Life, the Uncertainty in the Fruition, the Frailty of your Delights, have taught me, however you rise in popular Estimation, to despise and leave you to the Admirers of Vanity. For what is the *Strength* of Man, that he should glory in it? or the Arm of *Flesh*, that he should trust in it? Man is weaker than Multitudes of unreasonable Creatures, over whom he is created Lord. Naked and weaponless is he born in the World; no defensive Covering, no offensive Member given him. The Serpent has his Sting, the Horse his

his Hoof, the Ox his Horns, the Wolf his Teeth, the Lion his Claws to defend himself; but Man, the weakest of all Creatures, is sent into the World tender and hurtless, altogether unarmed, and nothing but his Reason allow'd for his Guard. 'Tis foolish therefore for him to vaunt of his Strength, and glory in that which is his greatest Defect. Let the vain Boaster of Puissance consider the Power of the sublunary Elements, which are dead and senseless, and of all Things the most imperfect, unless by mutual Aid; and yet these exceed Man in Strength, even more than his Fellow-Creatures. The Earth sustains all Things, and shrinks not; the Water, whose Weakness we turn to a Proverb, bears weighty Ships and Vessels, which no Force of ours can stir on Land; the Air, driven by the Winds, rends mighty Oaks asunder, and often causes Earthquakes; the Fire, stronger than all these, devours and puts all it finds into a Combustion, and tears, what the strongest Arm cannot, into Pieces; But our weak Nature is so frail and feeble, that we can scarce bear our own Weight; yea, we are often crush'd with a poor Fall, and bruised with the Burden of our own Flesh. We can endure neither the Heat of the Sun, nor the Cold of the Air, nor the Sharpness of the Wind, nor the Abstinence of two Days Food; but our Strength is broken like a Potsherd.

sherd. How quickly is it impair'd with Sick-
 ness, wasted with Age, broken with Lust, con-
 sumed with Weariness, and gone away as a Puff
 of Wind: And yet this is that which young
 Men glory in, and boast of; turning an excel-
 lent Gift of Nature, very often, to their own
 Destruction; for we see our notable Fellows
 ever straining and attempting Difficulties, till
 they meet with something above their Strength,
 and burst like a Bow with too much bending.
Milo was a remarkable Example of this, whose
 Loins were so strong, and Joints so firmly
 compact, that he was able to lift an Oak from
 the Ground, and bear it upon his Shoulder;
 but on the Confidence of his undertaking to
 pull up a Wedge, newly driven into a mighty
 Oak, he was caught so fast by the Hand, that
 there he remain'd crying till the wild Beasts
 found and tore him in Pieces. *Samson* likewise
 perish'd by his own Strength. *Goliath*, upon
 Pride thereof, presuming to challenge the whole
 Host of *Israel*, proved a notable Example to
 Braggers; being fell'd by a Stone slung from
 the Hand of a Youngling. Such Examples Hi-
 stories are full of: Yea, 'tis the Wisdom of
 God to confound the Strong in their Strength
 by contemptible Men, that they may see the
 Folly of their Boasting.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER Sort of People, no less vain, boast of their *Beauty*, to whom I bid the like *Farewel* as they must of their Endowment, which is the most weak and transitory of Things: being no other than a Mixture of Colours, now glittering, but soon defac'd by a thousand Accidents; scorch'd by the Sun; wrinkled by the Wind; wither'd by Sickness and Age, and subject to other Casualties. I think myself more happy in the want of IT than others in the Enjoyment.

As to the two other Blessings of *Health* and *Long-Life*, I have had my Portion in them according to God's good Pleasure, and am thankful to Him for them: Yet I must bid them *Farewel* also; and am ready to give them up, when God shall demand them back. My *Health* he has been graciously pleas'd to continue in the midst of contagious Sickness. I have seen a *Thousand* fall beside me, and well-nigh *Ten thousand* at my *Right-hand*, and yet by his only Goodness, the *Arrow* did not come nigh me. And tho' my Sins deserv'd no less than others, his Providence has lengthen'd my Life largely to the time of Old-Age; wherein tho' I find some Decay of Strength, yet he has given me Health of Body, and Ability of Mind: The Sorrow and Infirmities incident to such a Burthen of Old-Age he hath withholden

holden from me; and hath not bowed my Back, nor taken away my Eye-sight; nor smitten me in my Understanding, nor weaken'd my Limbs, nor my Senses; but has preserv'd my All intire to me, to do him Service: Blessed be his Holy Name therefore. How can I sufficiently praise Him for his Goodness, in that he has vouchsaf'd to bless me from my very Infancy, and to be with me from my Cradle? He has prosper'd all my Travels and Endeavours, and rais'd me from the Dust of Poverty to a Fortune much greater than my Fathers. He has guided me in the Course of my worldly Affairs, as he did *Jacob*; and as wonderfully pleas'd to increase me from a small Beginning. So that the thankful Acknowledgment which that holy Patriarch took up wou'd well become me to rehearse: *With my Staff*, said he, *passed I over this Jordan, and now I am become two great Bands*: For I may truly say and profess to the Glory of God, that with my Staff I passed over this River *Severn*, and now am I risen to a wealthy Portion. God has enrich'd me with great Abundance, and comforted me on every Side. He has given me Wealth, and the Power to use it; Honour, and the Happiness to value it. And now what have I more to desire of Him? but with *David*, that he would vouchsafe to stand by

by me, and *not forsake me in my Old-Age, when I am gray-headed, till I have shew'd his Strength to this Generation, and his Power to those that come after me.* I desire no longer Continuance here than to testify my Thankfulness to him in the Sight of the Living; and then, welcome that blessed Hour, when-ever he shall appoint to fetch me hence.

VI. FAREWELL, in the last Place, to my loving and dearly beloved *Wife*, the Joy of my Heart, the Stay and Comfort of mine Old-Age. Farewell likewise to my beloved *Friends*, the Solace of Prosperity, the Comfort of Adversity. I have found your Kindness and Affection, in your Endeavours towards my Satisfaction. Whether this Respect sprung from the Love of my Fortune or myself, it is no Time now to enquire. I rest thankful ~~now~~ to you, and desire God to requite you, who by his gracious Providence so supply'd me, that I was never burthensome to you. I am going now, where I shall have no more need of you, to my Long-Home, the Place that is preparing for all the Living, whence you cannot recover me, but where you shall follow me at your appointed Time, and take up your Lodging, together with me, in the House of our common Mother. However variously Fortune has sever'd us here, we are sure we shall meet there, and dwell together till we be

all chang'd immortal. Let not your Minds in the mean while be troubled at my Loss; neither be ye sorry as Men without Hope, for those that sleep in Christ will God raise. The same God, who has heard my Prayers, and will translate me, according to my Desires, out of this Vale of Misery to a Crown of Glory, preserve the friendly Memory of me in my Absence; but let not unreasonable Bewailing my Departure betray the Weakness of your Faith or Envy at my happy Condition, which rather requires Assistance thitherward by your Prayers whilst I am amongst you. O! desire of Him, together with me, that as he has made me willing, so also he would make me prepar'd to dye; that he would vouchsafe to grant me a quiet and peaceable Passage by a natural, active, and timely Death; that no lingering and pining Disease may be the Messenger, nor any sudden and violent Casualty; but a gentle and moderate Visitation, which may give me Warning to be ready, and Space to testify my Readiness, and Time to pray for my Dissolution. That my Senses be not early taken from me, nor I bereav'd of the Use of my Tongue or Speech, before I have perform'd my last Service with my Members, and declar'd the Praises of God to them, that shall be about me. That my Patience be not overcome with the Pangs of Death, nor my Constancy with the
Fear

Fear of it. But that I may lay me down in Peace and Rest, with some Confidence in Him who has turn'd the Punishment of Death into the Benefit of Sleep.

FINALLY, let no superfluous Cost, or sumptuous Shew attend my Funeral; but interr me with that Decency as becomes a Christian, and such Solemnity as may witness me to have bestowed the greatest Part of my Goods in my Life-time, whilst I had Power so to do, and not reserv'd 'em to make a vain Shew at my Burial. Let not the Multitude of Mourners, that attend my Chest, be an Argument of Vain-glory, and unreasonable Expence: I made no Mourners among the Poor in my Life-time; and therefore, whether I appoint them or not, I shall have enough at my Death. Let such as have pinch'd the Poor, and heap'd great Store of Wealth by Injustice, make a glorious Trample upon their Spoils, and recompense a covetous Life with a large Testament: I desire rather to be an Eye-witness of mine own Alms, and rejoice in the Consolation of my good Deeds, whilst God gives me Life and Ability to do them. Let the Poor be so reliev'd, as to pray willingly and chearfully for my Health, and not to be glad for my Death, as the only Occasion of my Alms. And yet I propose, God willing, to leave the Monument of my Charity; which, being committed to your Hands, see that ye

faithfully dispose thereof; and let not the Hope of Concealment embolden you to close Defraudings, lest you betray your own Souls to undoubted Destruction. Let my Desire be fulfill'd, to give every Man his due, if I shall be found any where indebted. As for those whom Necessity has made indebted to me, see that ye shew Mercy unto them, and exact not your Due with Rigour and Oppression. Let my former Course of Life be your Example; yea, rather let the Memory of Him, that paid all your Debts upon the Cross, keep you from grinding the Faces of your Poor Brethren. Remember not to praise me, but God, if any Blessing has or may redound to any, either by my Life or Death: For I sincerely and truly profess, that many great Weaknesses and Imperfections have been, and are, in the Course of my whole Life. If any Offence has sprung between us in Matters that are past, let me obtain your Forgiveness whilst I live, and pass them into Oblivion after my Death: For sincerely, and from the Bottom of my Heart, I forgive all manner of Grievances and Trespases committed whensoever, and howsoever, against me; even as I desire to be pardon'd of my heavenly Father, before whom I am sure to appear, and give an Account of all Things done here upon Earth.

AND

AND this Testimony I leave gladly upon Record, while I am yet in Health, that it may appear not to be extorted from me by the Fear of Death. Let your Example follow mine, and, as you are forgiven, forgive freely. Let this last Request of your Friend in no wise pass out of your Memory, but testify your Thankfulness and Love to me in the Performance of it.

AND so I commit you to his Protection to whose Mansion I am going; beseeching his Love towards you, according to your Kindness towards me, and to send me speedy Relief from this Vale of Misery.

I desire that this may be my Text at my Funeral, Psalm xlii. 2. *My Soul longeth for God; yea, even for the living God: When shall I come and appear before the Presence of God.* Oh! When shall I ascend to the Eternal Throne of Blessedness, where no Comforts are wanting? When shall I be cover'd with the glorious Robe of Immortality, and shine in the Brightness of my Redeemer's Innocency? When shall I behold the fair Face of the Lord, and dwell in the Courts of his Holy Temple? Where all Tears shall be wip'd away from my Eyes, all Sorrows remov'd from my Heart, and all Spots and Imperfections done away! Where I shall behold the Substance of my Faith, the Matter of my Hope, and enjoy the Presence

sence of those mysterious Vouchsafements in full Fruition, which I embraced before imperfect ! Where I shall exchange the Dross of this World for inestimable Pearls ; and be no more deluded with the Shadow of good Things, but possess the true Substance : Where, instead of these Earthly Riches, which Moth and Rust do corrupt, I shall enjoy heavenly Riches of perfect Peace, and a good Conscience, never to be lost : Instead of these false and flattering *Honours*, I shall enjoy everlasting Glory, and be admitted into the Fellowship of my Redeemer, to reign with Him in the Kingdom of his Father : Instead of vain and momentary *Pleasures*, I shall be fill'd with Fullness of Joy, and be ravish'd with those Delights, which neither Eye hath seen, nor Ear heard, nor has it enter'd into the Heart of Man to conceive : Instead of this dark and misty *Knowledge*, I shall have my Heart enlightened with the Beams of that true Light which lightens every Man that comes into the World, and be able to descry all Things in the Essence of the Creator, as in a perfect Mirror : Instead of this feeble *Strength*, I shall be endow'd with the Might of Angels : Instead of this transitory *Health*, I shall enjoy a powerful and immortal Vigour : Instead of this fading *Beauty*, I shall be adorn'd with the Comeliness of *Christ's* Spouse : Instead of *Long Life*, I shall be crown'd with Life Eternal ; Instead of tem-
poral

poral *Friends*, I shall have the glorify'd Saints and Angels for my Companions, and be admitted Fellow-citizen with them in the *New Jerusalem*. Where, when this Corruptible shall have put on Incorruption, and this Mortal Immortality, we shall sing, *Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and Earth are full of thy Glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord, most High.*

AND now, as the Hart desireth the Water-Brooks, so longeth my Soul after thee, O God : And, oh that I had Wings like a Dove, that I might fly away and be at Rest ! For whom have I in Heaven but Thee ? and who is there upon Earth in Comparison of thee ! my Heart and my Strength faileth me, but God is the Strength of my Heart, and my Portion for ever.

QUICKEN then, O God, my inward Man, when my outward Man decays, and give me daily Preparation and Patience to abide thy Coming ; for thou hast promised, in the last Words of thy Testament, to *come quickly*. O stablish thy Word to thy Servant, and grant me my Heart's Desire. *Amen.* Even so come, Lord Jesus.

F I N I S.

